BY ELI D. AKE. IRONTON, - - MISSOURL

IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL Oun doctor had called in another, I never had seen him before.
But he sent a chili to my heart when I saw him come in at the door
Fresh from the surgery schools of France and of other lands.
Haish red hair, big voice, big etest, big, merciless hands!
Wonderful cures he had done, O yes, but they said, too, of him.
He was happier in using he knife than in trying to save the limb.
And that I can well believe, for he look'd so coarse and so red.
I could think he was one of those who could break their jests on the dead,
And mangle the living dog that had loved him and fawn'd at his knee.
Drenched with the hellish oorali—that ever such things should be!

Here was a boy—I am sure that some of our children would die But for the voice of Love, and the smile, and the conflorting eye— Here was a boy in the ward, every bone seemed out of place— Caught in a mill and crush'd—it was all but a hopeless case:

And he handled him gently enough; but his voice and his face were not kind.

And it was but a hopeless case, he had seen it and made up his mind.

And he said to me roughly, "The lad will need little more of your care."

"All the more need," I told him, "to seek the Lord Jesus in prayer;
They are all His children here, and I pray for the mall se my own."

them all as my own:"
But he turned to me, "Ay, good, woman, can Then he matter'd half to himself, but I know that I heard him say,
"All very well—but the good Lord Jesus has had His day."

Then him how it all happened world is full of tongues, and all the same, on the four world him him how it all happened world is full of tongues, and had the same, on the four world him him how it all happened world is full of tongues, and had the same, on the four world is full of tongues, and had the same, on the four world is full of tongues, and had the same, on the four world is full of tongues, and had the same, on the four world is full of tongues, and had the same, on the four world is full of tongues, and had the same, on the four world is full of tongues, and had the same, on the four world is full of tongues, and had the same, on the four world is full of tongues.

loathsome smells of disease, But that He said, "Ye do it to me when ye do

So he went. And we passed to this ward, where the younger children are laid; Here is the cot of our orphan, our darling, our meek little maid;

meek little maid;
Empty you see just now! We have lost her,
who loved her so much—
Patient of pain, tho' as quick as a sensitive
plant to the touch;
Hers was the prettiest prattle, it often moved
me to tears

me to tears.

Hers was the gratefulest heart I have found in a child of her years.

Nay, you remember our Emmie; you used to send her the flowers;

How aim would smile at 'em, play with 'em, talk to 'em hours after hours.

They that can wander at will where the works of the Lord are reveal'd

Little guess what joy can be got from a cowsiic ant of the field:

Little guess what joy can be got from a cowsilp out of the field;
Flowers to these "spirits in prison" are all
they can know of the spring,
They freshen and sweeten the wards like the
waft of an angel's wing;
And she lay with a flower in one hand and her
thin hands crossed on her breast—
Wan, but as pretty as heart can desire, and
we thought her at rest,
Quietly sleeping—so quiet, our doctor said,
"Poor little dear!
Nurse, I must do it to-morrow; she'll never

Nurse, I must do it to-morrow; she'll never live thro' it, I fear."

I walk'd with our kindly old doctor as far as the head of the stair.

Then I return'd to the ward; the child didn't among them all, afloat but alive.

Never since I was nurse had I been so grieved her cot to the next,
"He says I shall never live thro' it. O, Annie,
what shall I do?" Annie consider'd. "If I." said the wise little Annie, "were you, I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me; for, Emmie, you see, It's all in the picture there: 'Little children should come unto me.'" call to the Lord,
How should He know that it's me? such a lot
of beds in the ward!"
That was a puzzle for Annie. Again she con-That was a puzzle for Annie. Again she consider'd and said:
"Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave 'em outside on the bed—
The Lord has so much to see to! but, Emmie, you tell it flim plain,"
It's the little girt with her arms lying out on

not watch her for four— My brain had begun to reel—I felt I could do it no more;
That was my sleeping-night, but I thought that it never would pass.
There was a thunder-clap once, and a clatter of hail on the glass,
And there was a phantom cry that I heard as And there was a phantom cry that I heard as
I tost about,
The bleat of a motherless lamb in the storm
and the darkness without;
My sleep was broken beside with dreams of
the dreadful knife
And fears for our delicate Emmle, who scarce
would escape with her life;
Then in the gray of the morning it seem'd she
stood by me and smiled,
And the doctor came at his hour, and we went
to see to the child.

I had sat three nights by the child-I could

to see to the child.

He had brought his ghastly tools; we believed her asleep again— Her dear, long, tean, little arms lying out on the counterpane;
Say that His day is done! Ah, why should we eare what they say?
The Lord of the children had heard her, and Emmie had passed away.

—From Tennyson's New Poems.

AT FIFTY.

YES, fifty is a great age—people seem to think it is; a half century. I have felt it as I looked back upon the years; I have felt it as I looked before me in the glass; I have felt it in the society of Belle and her mates; I have felt it when people treated me with the cool politeness due their own self-respect, and, that done, have fled to the charms of little Belle and Alice, that only yesterday I remember in their cradles; and if I had any common-sense I should not have felt it with the regret I did.

But I hated all along to be growing toward fifty. I hated to see that I could not sit out-doors of an evening without a little shawl; that I could not take the old rambles and rides of my youth unless fatigued; that instead of thrilling freshly in every nerve to the beauty of sunset and scenery as I used to do I onivered only in remembering that instead of the lovely young creating the second superior of the second superior in the second that is the second that is

could not all tout-doors of an evaning without a little shawl; that I could not should be a perfect. Frinap has sone of its case with the could not be compared to the country of the coun

I was sitting in the porch, thinking of my years, that day. After all, it seemed but the day before that I had sat there with the delicions odor of the honeysuckles blowing all about in the dusk, and Maskelyn sat at my side, and the very air we breathed fanned to and fro in the fragrance, full of the dark, sweet mystery of love. It seemed as if all the world had been made just to come to blossom in that evening, stars and winds and vaults of heaven, the evening that he first said in words that he loved me, although our lives had grown together so for years that we had each known the thought of the other without speaking, and knew that there was no others on earth that could ever come as close to either of us as the other did.

But this crowned the whole with cer-tainty, and we looked in each other's faces in the gleams of the starlight as if we were the two only people on the

planet. Alas, we were not!

For Maskelyn was still very young, and the traveler for a commercial house; he had his way to make. It was the morning after that night in the dark and the dew and the honeysuckle odor that he left the ring on my finger, and went off on one of his journeys. He was to go down the river to New Orleans before he returned; and he took the steamer Beauxtemps at St. Louis— and it was thirty years before I heard from him how it all happened. But the world is full of tongues, and I heard it, all the same, on the four winds that

There had taken passage on that Had? has it come? It has only dawn'd. It will come by and by.

O, how could I serve in the wards if the hope of the world were a hie?

How could I bear with the sights and the She was a lovely little thing, this Adele, lady, and their young daughter, Adele. She was a lovely little thing, this Adele, and she sang like a bird. Maskelyn heard her singing one evening, and, passionately fond of music, he soon made her acquaintance, and was singing with her. She was as child-like, too, as she was young and pretty; she had soon confided to him all her affairs, and he, secure in his plighted love, and never dreaming of misconstruction or trouble, became her hourly associate, and took pleasure in her innocent companionship.

One afternoon they sat in their accustomed seat, reading, as it chanced, from the same book. In their occupation and their talk they had taken no notice of the excitement of the people about them; and if they knew they were racing the Charon, so they had been doing half the week, and thought nothing of it. And all at once a shrick of countless voices rent the air; there was a shock and an explosion, as if the bottomless pit had broken through the bed of the river. The air was full of tlying beams and falling men and women; the river was full of them; and they were two

Afloat in the branches of a huge trec that was sailing and swirling down the river, and in no immediate danger of Emmie had heard him. Softly she call'd from destruction, but exhausted, and unable to do more than keep the breath they had for a while. If others had been saved, they had reached one of the banks, or had been picked up by the Charon's boats. The quick Southern dusk was upon them before Adele had (Meaning the print that you gave us, I find that it always can please Our children, the dear Lord Jesus with children about his knees.)

"Yes, and I will," said Emmie; "but then if I done more than open her eyes and close rushing river. What else could they do but comfort one another, poor children, sitting side by side in the cradle made by the big branches, and trembling at all the dark, unknown tumult of the torrent, till suddenly, with a shock that might have wrecked them had not their clothes been caught on the branches, they were anchored on a mud-spit, and the stream was sweeping by?

The morning dawned redly over the great sea-like river. Flat-boat and raft and steamer went along; but no one saw their signals, or seeing, no one heeded them. Another weary night, famished and faint, but keeping each other's courage up; and at noon of the next day they were taken off. But in two days and nights Maskelyn had learned that she loved him. And when, in turn, she learned that her love was in vain, it was only by force of arms that he hindered her from seeking the watery death from which he had rescued her. The poor little passionate, tropical crea-

He saw her, however, no more for a month after the time that he left her at her father's door in New Orleans. where he found the black-robed parents, who had themselves been saved, but who had thought their child lost, and received her as one raised from the grave, and would have given Maskelyn their all as her preserver. But Maskelyn did not present himself there again; and it was not till his return from a trip through the neighboring region that Adele's father was able to find him, and to be eech him to accompany him if he would save his child a second time from death. And he found her on the brink

of madness. Compelled by their kindness and their grief, he could do nothing but remain, and add his efforts to theirs. It was a

Brou County Acqister heart, these used-up fifty years, to give from any wrong-doing in the affair; that "Livia!" he said.

Maskelyn. It is buter, too, lest people it would be my wish—as it as my wish "Maskelyn!" I replied. And I felt should smile at Maskelyn—

that he should not suffer a life-long as he did—impossible to say whether I

let me think him a villain, and be neared of my hurt the sooner. And then, too—you must not think ill of me for sgain. He broke off by-and-by a branch of the honeysuckle, and twined it in my gether lovely and to be loved that he hair. could not but believe, cost him what pang it might, that I should speedily be happy in the love of one I should hold to be a better man.

"What wou I murmured.
"Who are I And in the suc

And from that hour his career began -the career of no commercial traveler, but that of the son of a rich and powerful house, put forward for fresh honors all the time, now Governor, now Sena-tor, and when war came, unwilling to take arms against either his native North or his adopted South, going with the others to the villa on the Mediterranean, where life was a long dream of idleness | me, to forgive me." and ease. He was a good husband, I am glad to know. He never allowed himself to feel that Adele had done him an injury; he forced himself always to an injury; he forced himself always to look at the other side, and value the adgether of perfectly strong mind or will again, but living and breathing through him; and she lived and breathed through him for twenty-five years. He could only be proud of her, in a certain way, at Southern springs, in Congressional life, as they went through Europe; her exquisite grace, her dark, large-eyed loveliness, the simplicity of her always perfect ladyhood, if one may use the word, were things always to admire, and crowds followed her. He also admired her; he had a tender care for her, a gentle attachment to her, and if he never loved her, she never knew he did ing a new chapter. And you are gonot. She hardly remembered that he ing to come back here, after you have had ever had his poor, pale passion in the North. She died at last, thinking of him as only her own, and thanking him for the bliss he had given her in his long that I can no more ride and ramble faithfulness. But his poor, pale passion had become an ideal thing to him, a sort of pole-star round which his soul revolved so entirely as to be automatic and unconscious in its motion. He did not actively and all the time remember it,

was aiways there. own master once more. But of me, in and noble in the full light of his noon. his freedom, it did not occur to him to I thank Heaven, that is letting me begin think as an actual possibility in flesh this life, however short the life may be, and blood. He had never dared to ask so blessed, so blessing, although at fifty for me; he took it for granted that I years.—Harper's Bazar. was long since another man's wife. And when, after some years more, in a manner unawares to himself, the memory

And in all these years, after the first one of unbearable suffering, I had staid there in my home, doing the duty that came first to hand, both since it was duty and since it might prevent my pain. And the pain had passed at length, had left only a soreness and sorrow, had become sublimated, as it were, into something I would not lose for its pang. One by one, father and mother, sister and brother, had left me; but I still dwelt in the sweet old house, and sat of summer evenings on the porch among the honeysuckles. At first I had thought I could never breathe their breath again; but at last it had grown precious to me; it was my all of the love, of the life, I hoped for. But the score and more of years had not been unhappy to me; my daily routine had taken much thought; the poor children that I taught, and Belle and Alico and all the rest, served in some degree to keep me young; for, as I said, I hated to grow old; and if any one was kind enough to say they would hardly know me for more than the elder sister of the two young girls about me, my skin still so smooth the color. me, my skin still so smooth, the color on my cheek so delicate, the pale gold of my hair still untouched by silver, it was Veri life—I had not exactly thought it wrong once when I went to a large city, to be some other public people; but I kept it locked away, and allowed mysel to once when I went to a large city, to bey a photograph of him, with those of some other public people; but I kent it locked away, and allowed mysel to look at it but once every year. And when I did look at it it was only with one hurried glance of the eye, one thrill and spring of the heart, lest I sinned, lest I made him sin, and I wrapped it closer away again. But the day after I had seen that face was always a day of mourning. And at last I knew that he had no longer a wife; and year that he had no longer a wife; and year went by, and year, and year, and he had not come. Sometimes, in wondering and thinking, my heart would beat so loud that it seemed as if only fasting and prayer would still it, and I blushed and burned to think I wasted a throb on one who had long ago ceased to care, who never came to see; and one day I took his pictures, that of the boyish beauty and that of the stalwart man and hurned them both to ashes.

burden on his conscience, whether that wasthis world or the next, whether I conscience was morbidly sensitive or really saw him, or it was, as it had been not, for the mere take of our own present content, which never would be content, in fact, while he was restless under worst has come. I shall hear presently an accusing spirit and I was wretched in his want of ease.

And so he married Adele.

Perhaps it would have been better had he written me the story of it, and not have left me to my imaginings. But he thought the course kindest to me was to fet me think him a villain, and be healed of my hurt the sooner. And then, too—you must not think ill of me for

"What would Belle and Alice say?" "Who are Belle and Alice?" said he. And in the sudden jealous spasm that I had I realized anew my fifty years and their twenty.

"I am so old," I said, "and they are so young!" "For me you have eternal youth," he answered. "We are going to live backward all the years in which I have lost you, since you are so good, my angel, as to love me still, to refuse to reproach

And sometimes I ask if they to whom they find who at a later day love with vantages he received through connect he concentrated force that, spread out tion with her father. She was a gentle over all the intervening years, might little being, always beautiful, never alto-have been a shallow and stagnant pool. Did I love Maskelyn any better at twen-ty? Not any fraction so dearly. Did he love me more? I can not answer for that. One could hardly love more than an abject worshiper loves a saint in her

shrine, and so he seems to love. And so I am to be married to-morrow. I sit here in a daze, while Belle and Alice are weaving garlands on the steps below. It does not seem to strike them as anything strange. "We were always sure von had a romance and a hero, Miss Livia," they say. "Oh, it is like readwithout fatigue, for I have an arm on which to lean; and I know that I shall thrill once more to sunset and sunrise, water scene and mountain view, for there will be eyes to double all the beauty, and reflect it back on mine. I forget when I look at Maskelyn's face, that has And at last, then, Maskelyn was his only grown stronger and more rugged

Thoughts From Dickens.

If you had the abilities of all the great began to work in his heart, he came to the old town again as a pilgrim visits a shrine, and without a dream of finding me., past and present, you could do nothing well without sincerely meaning it, and setting about it.—Bleak House.

There are days in this life worth life and worth death. And oh! what a bright old song it is, that "Oh! 'tis love that makes the world go round."—Our Mutual Friend.

Pride is one of the seven deadly sins; but it can not be the pride of a mother in her children, for that is a compound of two cardinal virtues-faith and hope. -Nicholas Nicklebu.

Men who are thoroughly false and hollow seldom try to hide those vices from themselves; and yet in the very act of avowing them they lay claim to the virtues they feign to despise—Barna-

by Rudge.
The old, old fashion! the fashion that came in with our first garments, will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old; old fashion-Death! - Dombey and Son.

simplicity—two of the best qualities Heaven gives them.—The Old Curiosity

Verily, verily, travelers have seen many idols in many countries; but no apt to move my heart with a little pulse of pleasure, although I knew, in truth, and for all that, that fifty years must always count for fifty years. Now and then I heard of Maskelyn in his public many idols in many countries; but no human eyes have ever seen more daring, gross and shocking images of the Divine nature than we creatures make in our own likenesses of our own bad passions.—Little Dorrit.

made of stuff to stand the wear and tear; and there is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent and sincere earnestness.—The Pickwick Club.

A silent look of affection and regard where all other eyes are turned coldly away—the consciousness that we possess the sympathy and affection of one being when all others have deserted us—is a hold, a stay, a comfort, in the deepest affliction, which no wealth could purchase or power bestow .- David Copper-

Alas! how few of nature's faces are left to gladden us with their beauty! The cares and sorrowings, and lunger-

The Foundation On Which Our Political Parties Rest.

The country has recently been favored by Senator Edmunds with his views of the political history of the United States in general and of the Democratic party. Senator Edmunds is not and does not affect to be a historian. He thinks and thoughtful men who will bear the po-sition of Senator Edmunds well in Senator Edmunds divides the life of

the country under our existing Constitution into three periods—the first beginning with the Administration of Washington and ending with that of John Quincy Adams, the second beginning with Andrew Jackson and ending with James Buchanan, and the third beginning with Abraham Lincoln to and with James Buchanan, and the third beginning with Abraham Lincoln to end with Rutherford B. Hayes. In the first period Mr. Edmunds thinks that party divisions "arose from necessary and intelligent differences of opinion" about the rights and duties of the several States which had established American independence on the one hand, and the new Government created by them on the other hand. In his treatment of the second period, the partisanship of Mr. Edmunds becomes flagrant. He assumes the Democratic party to He assumes the Democratic party to have been devoted from 1829 to 1861 to the protection or extension of slave labor, to free trade "under which," as he grotesquely says, "it was supposed that the slaveholding cotton-grower could exchange his products for those of the underpaid labor of Europe without giving any encouragement to the free labor and free schools of the nonslaveholding States;" to the confine-ment of Federal authority within the narrowest limits, and finally to secession and civil war. The first and fourth to it, was a monstrous defiance of pubof these objects, Senator Edmunds half lie opinion, as well as a contemplated of these objects, Senator Edmunds half admits, are no longer held in view by the Democratic party, but the second and third endure. He considers the Democracy in Congress to be "still in favor of laying customs duties in such a way as to produce the greatest revenue from a given commodity, without any reference to securing the labor of our citizens against unfair and injurious the recentagle of pensioners appointed citizens against unfair and injurious competition in foreign countries."
Would that there were no doubt as to this! The Democratic hostility to National authority Mr. Edmunds discovers in the present Democratic resistance to Federal laws intended to regulate, but it helped to shape his course, and it that any time has been stolen from me in a Republican sense, the choice of members of Congress by the several?

> He steers wide of the differences between the white and black races, and also of the rather important fact that President Grant's Administrations constantly sought to use the negro vote in the South as a party instrument. What would Senator Edmunds have said if the Frederal President Grant's Administrations contremendous machinery of the Federal other clumsy efforts to get some kind Irish vote and the Catholic vote against tired from? He isn't yet even on the the native New England Protestant Republican vote? The time may yet come when this will be done. And what will Senator Edmunds say if the power of General Garfield's Administration shall be exercised to aid the manufacturing cord with the spirit of American General Cord.

industry? Has Congress the Constituford Convention a convention of slave-owners? Slave labor was vindicated that Mr. Garfield's Cabinet will contain in the Southern States because it was under the protection of the Constitution. A division of opinion in England respecting the paramount authority of but per Parliament over the sources of legality see it. found expression in the parties known as Whig and Tory, and is still partially reproduced in the antagonism of the Liberals and the Conservatives, and a division of political opinion in the United States respecting the paramount authority of Congress and the Federal Government over the several States found expression alike in the election of 1800 and in the election of 1880. Are not nearly all of our party differences to-day, which are based on principle, referrable to the question of State rights? What is the question of legal tender in its legal aspect but a question

anywhere looked upon by the holder not as a solemn trust but as a shing of pecuniary value to be sold like his labors, or his horse, or his ass to the highest bidder? Which party in this country is tending most rapidly into the clutches of corporations and tariff monopolists? Is there any candid man who really believes that in 1880 more who really believes that in 1880 more improper, immoral and unlawful in-fluence was exercised over dependent voters in the old slave-labor States than N. Y. World.

The Latest Scheme for Grant's Beacht.

The latest of the schemes for doing something with General Grant bids fair to fail, like others that have gone before

sylvania; for a Captain-Generaley; for a pension; and for a popular oldest exPresident's fund. So far these schemes have all come to nothing. Grant is still unprovided for; and now those who hoped to shelve him on the retired list, begin to fear that even this device will prove ineffectual.

Of course General McCook's plan for doing something with Grant is much less objectionable than Hayes'. Calling for a new grade in the army, with the odious name of Captain-General affixed the receptacle of pensioners appointed to it from civil life? Why should he receive full pay, when the law allows retired officers only three-fourths pay? Why should the army regulations regarding the requisites for retirement be altered in his favor? He is not at the specified age when retirement can be ordered or sought under the statutes. He has received no wounds, and is not incapacitated by disease acquired in the line of military duty. If General

be exercised to aid the manufacturing industry of the land to organize its workmen against tariff reform?

As a matter of fact Senator Edmunds admits, by his line of thought, that political parties in this country, as in England, rest upon historical and natural foundations, and not on any temporary and artificial foundation. The modern Conservative and Liberal parties in England rest on the same foundations in English history and in certain antithetical forms in which the human mind is cast with the Whig and Tory parties of the past. Just as parties divided on State rights in the Presidential election of 1800 in the United States, so do they divide to-day. What but a Constitutional principle underlies the tariff question, which involves the right of the Federal Government to subsidize industry? Has Congress the Constitutional principle underlies the tariff question, which involves the right of the Federal Government to subsidize industry? Has Congress the Constitutional principle underlies the tariff question, which involves the right of the Federal Government to subsidize industry? Has Congress the Constitutional principle underlies the tariff question, which involves the right of the Federal Government to subsidize industry? Has Congress the Constitutional principle underlies the tariff question, which involves the right of the Federal Government to subsidize industry? Has Congress the Constitutional principle underlies the tariff question of the past and the properties of the past and principle underlies the tariff question, which involves the right of the Federal Government to subsidize industry? Has Congress the Constitutional principle underlies the tariff question of the past and principle underlies the tariff question of the past and principle underlies the tariff question of the past and principle underlies the tariff question of the past and principle underlies the past

-People who are advising General tional right to legislate solely for that purpose? Can anything be more absurd than to speak of State rights as an outcome of slave labor? Was Josiah Quincy a slave-owner? Was the Hart-

no Ohio man. And possibly Hayes' Administration will have no Ohio man. in it between now and the 4th of March; but people will believe both—when they

-It is a remarkable fact that Colfax does not want to be United States Senator. He greatly prefers the quiet of his own home, where he is not tempted to speculate, or, if he does invest, there are no committees to investigate. Happy Smiler!—Ind. Sential. - It is stated that General Grant

has given Senator Blaine to understand that he will "never speak to him again." The explanation of this ferocious and implacable animosity is that in the contest for the Chleage nomination the Maine Senator's connection with the attacks on the ex-President so of Constitutional power?

It is easy to speak of Democratic liberality about "internal improvements" as a modern thing, but was not the Democracy always intensely "National" about objects deemed to be really "National"? Did not the Democracy in 1853-'54 begin in Congress the surveys and inaugurate the work for the con-